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The Scarlet Child

**mystery**

45 1 5

Chapter 1 by Eva

So far my first day of high school was a nightmare. All the classes were so boring I was about to fall asleep. Until I walked into the Literacy class. I could sense there was something different about this teacher, it was odd. I was excited but terrified at the same time. I sat down and stared at her for a while then she looked in my direction and her eyes flashed red, then she turned away. I jumped, no one seemed to notice what had just happened. They were all very still and not talking or even blinking! The teacher looked back at me and walked towards me. "I have been waiting for you, the scarlet child." She hissed and locked the door, her eyes flashed again and she disappeared. She appeared again and grabbed my arm "You give it to me now! Or else." "Give you what?" My voice trembled

"You fool, you can't hide from me!!" She sneered. I ran to the door and she flashed her eyes one last time and I was now in her grasp. She pushed me against the wall and choked me. She was so strong and powerful and I didn't even know what she wanted! She released me and turned back to normal.

Chapter 2 by Bracefacelys



I sat in the classroom, looking around at the other students. They all seemed normal, except for the girl in the corner who was looking at me. I tried to ignore her, but she kept staring. Finally, I decided to confront her. I stood up and walked over to her desk. She looked up at me with a worried expression. "What's wrong?" I asked. She took a deep breath and replied, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. I just... I'm new here and I'm feeling lost. Can you help me find my way around?" I smiled and said, "Of course! Let's go explore together." We walked around the school, looking at the different buildings and classrooms. It was a bright, sunny day, and the air was filled with the sound of birds chirping. We stopped at a fountain and I helped her wash her hands. She thanked me and we continued our walk. As we walked, I noticed that she was carrying a backpack. I asked her if I could see it, and she reluctantly agreed. Inside, I found a small diary and a few pieces of paper. I asked her if I could read them, and she nodded. I began to read the diary, and I was shocked by what I found. It was a journal written by a girl named Sophie, who had been abandoned by her parents and was trying to find her way in the world. She had been living on the streets and had nowhere to call home. I felt bad for her, but I also felt a sense of compassion. I decided to help her, and I gave her my phone number and told her to call me if she ever needed anything. She thanked me again and we continued our walk. As we walked, I noticed that she was carrying a backpack. I asked her if I could see it, and she reluctantly agreed. Inside, I found a small diary and a few pieces of paper. I asked her if I could read them, and she nodded. I began to read the diary, and I was shocked by what I found. It was a journal written by a girl named Sophie, who had been abandoned by her parents and was trying to find her way in the world. She had been living on the streets and had nowhere to call home. I felt bad for her, but I also felt a sense of compassion. I decided to help her, and I gave her my phone number and told her to call me if she ever needed anything.

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and tried to call her mom. "No cell service" I ran into the house and hide as soon as I heard the door open and a familiar hiss sound and that's when I knew exactly whose house I feel into.

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